

THE SWYER

Saturday, September 22, 1866.



(Drawn by PAUL GRAY.)

"She will never carry roses more."—p. 4.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."

THE CHOLERA HOSPITAL WINDOW.

IT is a day which does not show London to advantage. Mr. Glaisher's "blue mist," which to some now alive may be the shadowy mantle

of death, may be blue enough in Greenwich Park, but at the bottom of Lincoln's Inn Fields, let us say, or down eastward thereaway, the mist which steams up from the wet streets is anything but blue.

Blue and yellow, primitive colours, make green; and the fog and mist being of a dim yellow, it might have been expected that a dirty variation of green would be the result; but the reverse is the case. A dead blueness does predominate; for all about the fetid courts, the steam which clips us round, even as the circumambient air; which hangs in one's whiskers and moustache, and gets down one's throat, making one feel unpleasantly hot, is of a dull slate, running off in very close courts to a yellow stone colour.

This is very unpleasant for August. All the month we have had cold and exceptionable weather. As for the dog-days, they were nought, and sheltered themselves under their name, without giving any dog an excuse for running mad with heat. In the country, the wet weather produced cold, and wise people lit their fires in the evening. In London, mud and slush in the streets tried to rival the mud of November; and in dull days and morning fogs August might be said to have made no bad second to that month. Streaming umbrellas, wet and unpleasant omnibuses, persecuted or mocked the young clerks, who turned up their eyes in a disgusted way at the dark and thickly-packed clouds overhead, and spun along the pavements or dashed along the roads. Almost everybody felt ill-tempered, "August was not what it used to be, sir;" or, "Now, look here, Jones; we shall have the summer over without having any summer at all, sir."

Jones, who is unconscious of having anything to do with the weather, replies with a truly British grunt. He, too, is troubled: in three more days the senior clerk at Blogg and Martin's dry goods warehouse will be back from his holidays, and he (Jones) will have to start for his. He looks to have three wet weeks; he has tapped the weather-glass angrily but uselessly. He feels, therefore, that the first speaker who had addressed him had been needlessly personal, and retorts, testily—

"I didn't make the weather, did I? Always so in England ever since I have known it. Common proverb abroad, you know: 'Summer in England—three wet days and a thunderstorm.'" Thus far Jones in jerks.

A meek little man, with a bright, open eye—a cheerful dark eye like that of a robin—he looks out of the omnibus door and at the disgusted ead, who is hanging on with cold fingers—cold fingers in August!—to the iron rail. The little man takes a cheerful view of things. "Oh, it's all right, I dare say," he chirrups. "Providence will send us bright days for the harvest. It will all turn up right at the end; this is doubtless for some good purpose."

"You're right, sir, said a solemn-looking gentleman, nodding approvingly. "This is just the

weather we want; these sudden rains help us wonderfully. Capital weather for London, but bad for the country; bad weather for the crops, no doubt, but most merciful, providentially merciful, for THE CHOLERA."

Here the City clerks looked round. Jones, not a bad sort of fellow, agreed that there was something in that, while Brown, who had read the "Vestiges of the Creation," and had a foggy idea that everything went on topsy-turvy, and that pineapples grew in hot-houses by a kind of natural selection, while weak oak-trees shot out into vines with spiral tendrils, and bore grapes instead of acorns (after a slight struggle of the species), went to his office to give a caricature sketch of the queer and dictatorial old party whom he met in the omnibus.

The clerks got down at the City, but the "party" went on considerably farther. He passed splendid warehouses, the rent of a first floor of which would be a modest income for a country rector, while the very garrets would have maintained a curate. He passed a broad, spacious street, with mediæval houses in it here and there, and with butchers' stalls, looking mediæval too, on each side of it; and he only rested for a moment to examine a paper when he had arrived at the end of his journey. That paper bore statistics formidable enough. We had an enemy amongst us, and this enemy had slain in one way 354, and in another, and with a similar engine, 1,053, or, total, 1,407 persons in one week. And this enemy, alas! was quartered constantly amongst us, although it was only now and then that he stepped out, and, foul traitor that he was, committed such slaughter as he had done that week.*

The object of this gentleman might have been benevolent; let us hope that it was so. He has peeped into more than one hospital window in his life, and this is only part, of course, of what he has seen.

The hospital window to which our friend made his way, looks out upon a spacious street, and there are pleasant sights about it. Trees and flowers can be seen through its open doors, and on sunny days there, too, are invalids to be seen, crawling about the grounds, poor creatures, and basking in the sun upon wooden seats, and feeling that after all God has given us no blessing so sweet as health, and that in a recovery from a desperate sickness, one can only truly appreciate His goodness and mercy. Beyond the trees and flowers there is a wide display of grass lawn, where sheep are browsing, which looks green and refreshing, and many of the windows of the large building are gay with sweet-scented flowers, so that half the

* For the week ending August 4th, 1866, Registrar-General's return. The first number refers to diarrhoea; the second to cholera.

horrors of sickness and of death—and not a night passes but the King of Terrors strikes some one down within these walls—are taken away.

Up the spacious stairs, accompanied by a guide, one learned in the ways of this hospital, and known and respected by all in it, goes our visitor, past the hall where sick people are flocking, and past the porter's room, where, in bottles and gallipots, poor abject wretches, very meek and mild, my brother, as you, indeed, would be, if so sorely smitten in the battle of life, take and carry away mixtures to "do them good," as they say. If we were to follow them to their homes, we might find the causes of the cholera, and might wonder, indeed, why death delayed so long to strike them, and marvel how it was that the hearts of their richer brothers did not open to them sooner.

Three sides of a large quadrangle are dotted with such windows as that in which we are now looking. The wards of the hospital run north and south, and east and west, and it is to the upper wards that the visitor proceeds. Everything is marvellously clean, and even bright and cheerful. The floors are so white that one might with little harm put in practice the suggestion which such cleanliness always calls forth; *i.e.*, "eat one's dinner off them." Nor is the sight seen through the windows in everything a sad one. Doing their duty nobly and quietly, without ostentation or sham, the doctors move about noiselessly, and the nurses fit calmly from bed to bed. There is no hurry, no distress, no fear. At the end of the ward a voluble Irishwoman weeps over her sick husband, who, by the way, is far from being very bad, and would like to take a gentle but stalwart nurse outside, and pull her cap for her; but she not unnaturally objects to such a proceeding, and a tall, imperial-looking doctor, with a good-humoured smile on his face, pushes the Celtic lady out, with a promise that she shall "see her husband to-night; all well, thank God!" And so Biddy drops a curtsey, ceases her voluble grief, and flits away into space.

There is serious work going on in the ward which you see from this window. Let us bend for an instant over this bed. A man in the prime of life occupies it; he has matted locks, damp brow, hollow eyes, and quick-coming but feeble breath. Those eyes so sunken are wide open, the pulse has fallen, and the natural heat of the body is decayed and spent. A nurse stands near him, giving him now and then some beef tea; but he hardly heeds anything. His bare arms are blue at the elbows, and on the backs of his hands are stripes and streaks of a deep blue; his chin clean shaven, but rigid and ghastly, is thrown up in the air; his deep chest, thin and worn, is bared as if he felt extreme heat; and the doctor examines a thermometer, which he inserts between

his arm and the side nearest his heart. The mercury, which had been high in the doctor's hands, falls, and the doctor looks grave enough. He beckons with his finger to some one, and asks whether this patient has friends; if so, let them be sent for. He has none; no not one. In his poor lodgings he was found a stranger. When we pass this bed again a tall, thick, canvas screen has been drawn round it, and inside by the bed is kneeling a good lady visitor saying an earnest prayer into the listening ear of the poor dying man. For worn and wasted as he is, the brain is clear, and the eye, fixed though it be, is full of intelligence as the poor fellow watches those who stand over him. Nor from him, my brother, is God's mercy less far off than if bands of princes stood around his bed. We must all face death alone; the end of the battle of life is with each of us a single combat. Pray Heaven that you and I bear it as bravely as did this poor stranger!

A young boy, a sailor boy, too, getting well, with a bright eye and a colour on his cheek, is in the next bed, and a stout fellow, groaning and sighing lustily, but not very ill, is in the next. Then an old man, silent, rigid, and stern, and one or two worn wrecks and waifs of humanity, who might be of any age, fill up the next few. Here are volunteer nurses chafing their cold and rigid patients who are seized with the cramp; here a boy is being wrapped in a blanket to be carried to a bath; and then we pass into another ward where poor sick women lie. In this ward the fresh beds seem filled with sick children, lying two in a bed, one poor little poll poking out at one end, and another at the other. There they lie, head and foot; not being long enough to disturb each other, and both poor little things being too ill to say anything, or do anything but sigh. In the next bed, however, one with wild, scared eyes sits up and looks quietly around; it has pulled through, and will soon be sent to kind Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home for Children. Another two have crawled out of the head-and-tail fashion, and are pretty and clean, sitting on a pillow with their hair neatly combed, with rose-coloured health in their cheeks and pleasure in their bright eyes, admiring an old weather-beaten doll, which has served, no doubt, many such inmates, and now black in its face from some incurable disease of which dolls die, broken-nosed, and with its arms and legs stretched out crucially, sprawls on its back, and looks up to the ceiling in speechless indignation. The doll might, you see, have moved in high life, and has come down to a hospital. Happy doll that finds at last that it can be of some service, can plead a *raison d'être*, and which has given more pleasure during its brief existence than one or two fine people whom we could name if we were ill-natured enough to do so.

Blue and yellow, primitive colours, make green; and the fog and mist being of a dim yellow, it might have been expected that a dirty variation of green would be the result; but the reverse is the case. A dead blueness does predominate; for all about the fetid courts, the steam which clips us round, even as the circumambient air; which hangs in one's whiskers and moustache, and gets down one's throat, making one feel unpleasantly hot, is of a dull slate, running off in very close courts to a yellow stone colour.

This is very unpleasant for August. All the month we have had cold and exceptionable weather. As for the dog-days, they were nought, and sheltered themselves under their name, without giving any dog an excuse for running mad with heat. In the country, the wet weather produced cold, and wise people lit their fires in the evening. In London, mud and slush in the streets tried to rival the mud of November; and in dull days and morning fogs August might be said to have made no bad second to that month. Streaming umbrellas, wet and unpleasant omnibuses, persecuted or mocked the young clerks, who turned up their eyes in a disgusted way at the dark and thickly-packed clouds overhead, and spun along the pavements or dashed along the roads. Almost everybody felt ill-tempered, "August was not what it used to be, sir;" or, "Now, look here, Jones; we shall have the summer over without having any summer at all, sir."

Jones, who is unconscious of having anything to do with the weather, replies with a truly British grunt. He, too, is troubled: in three more days the senior clerk at Blogg and Martin's dry goods warehouse will be back from his holidays, and he (Jones) will have to start for his. He looks to have three wet weeks; he has tapped the weather-glass angrily but uselessly. He feels, therefore, that the first speaker who had addressed him had been needlessly personal, and retorts, testily—

"I didn't make the weather, did I? Always so in England ever since I have known it. Common proverb abroad, you know: 'Summer in England—three wet days and a thunderstorm.' Thus far Jones in jerks.

A meek little man, with a bright, open eye—a cheerful dark eye like that of a robin—here looks out of the omnibus door and at the disgusted ead, who is hanging on with cold fingers—cold fingers in August!—to the iron rail. The little man takes a cheerful view of things. "Oh, it's all right, I dare say," he chirrups. "Providence will send us bright days for the harvest. It will all turn up right at the end; this is doubtless for some good purpose."

"You're right, sir, said a solemn-looking gentleman, nodding approvingly. "This is just the

weather we want; these sudden rains help us wonderfully. Capital weather for London, but bad for the country; bad weather for the crops, no doubt, but most merciful, providentially merciful, for THE CHOLERA."

Here the City clerks looked round. Jones, not a bad sort of fellow, agreed that there was something in that, while Brown, who had read the "Vestiges of the Creation," and had a foggy idea that everything went on topsy-turvy, and that pineapples grew in hot-houses by a kind of natural selection, while weak oak-trees shot out into vines with spiral tendrils, and bore grapes instead of acorns (after a slight struggle of the species), went to his office to give a caricature sketch of the queer and dictatorial old party whom he met in the omnibus.

The clerks got down at the City, but the "party" went on considerably farther. He passed splendid warehouses, the rent of a first floor of which would be a modest income for a country rector, while the very garrets would have maintained a curate. He passed a broad, spacious street, with mediæval houses in it here and there, and with butchers' stalls, looking mediæval too, on each side of it; and he only rested for a moment to examine a paper when he had arrived at the end of his journey. That paper bore statistics formidable enough. We had an enemy amongst us, and this enemy had slain in one way 354, and in another, and with a similar engine, 1,053, or, total, 1,407 persons in one week. And this enemy, alas! was quartered constantly amongst us, although it was only now and then that he stepped out, and, foul traitor that he was, committed such slaughter as he had done that week.*

The object of this gentleman might have been benevolent; let us hope that it was so. He has peeped into more than one hospital window in his life, and this is only part, of course, of what he has seen.

The hospital window to which our friend made his way, looks out upon a spacious street, and there are pleasant sights about it. Trees and flowers can be seen through its open doors, and on sunny days there, too, are invalids to be seen, crawling about the grounds, poor creatures, and basking in the sun upon wooden seats, and feeling that after all God has given us no blessing so sweet as health, and that in a recovery from a desperate sickness, one can only truly appreciate His goodness and mercy. Beyond the trees and flowers there is a wide display of grass lawn, where sheep are browsing, which looks green and refreshing, and many of the windows of the large building are gay with sweet-scented flowers, so that half the

* For the week ending August 4th, 1866, Registrar-General's return. The first number refers to diarrhoea; the second to cholera.

horrors of sickness and of death—and not a night passes but the King of Terrors strikes some one down within these walls—are taken away.

Up the spacious stairs, accompanied by a guide, one learned in the ways of this hospital, and known and respected by all in it, goes our visitor, past the hall where sick people are flocking, and past the porter's room, where, in bottles and gallipots, poor abject wretches, very meek and mild, my brother, as you, indeed, would be, if so sorely smitten in the battle of life, take and carry away mixtures to "do them good," as they say. If we were to follow them to their homes, we might find the causes of the cholera, and might wonder, indeed, why death delayed so long to strike them, and marvel how it was that the hearts of their richer brothers did not open to them sooner.

Three sides of a large quadrangle are dotted with such windows as that in which we are now looking. The wards of the hospital run north and south, and east and west, and it is to the upper wards that the visitor proceeds. Everything is marvellously clean, and even bright and cheerful. The floors are so white that one might with little harm put in practice the suggestion which such cleanliness always calls forth; *i.e.*, "eat one's dinner off them." Nor is the sight seen through the windows in everything a sad one. Doing their duty nobly and quietly, without ostentation or sham, the doctors move about noiselessly, and the nurses sit calmly from bed to bed. There is no hurry, no distress, no fear. At the end of the ward a voluble Irishwoman weeps over her sick husband, who, by the way, is far from being very bad, and would like to take a gentle but stalwart nurse outside, and pull her cap for her; but she not unnaturally objects to such a proceeding, and a tall, imperial-looking doctor, with a good-humoured smile on his face, pushes the Celtic lady out, with a promise that she shall "see her husband to-night; all well, thank God!" And so Biddy drops a curtsey, ceases her voluble grief, and flits away into space.

There is serious work going on in the ward which you see from this window. Let us bend for an instant over this bed. A man in the prime of life occupies it; he has matted locks, damp brow, hollow eyes, and quick-coming but feeble breath. Those eyes so sunken are wide open, the pulse has fallen, and the natural heat of the body is decayed and spent. A nurse stands near him, giving him now and then some beef tea; but he hardly heeds anything. His bare arms are blue at the elbows, and on the backs of his hands are stripes and streaks of a deep blue; his chin clean shaven, but rigid and ghastly, is thrown up in the air; his deep chest, thin and worn, is bared as if he felt extreme heat; and the doctor examines a thermometer, which he inserts between

his arm and the side nearest his heart. The mercury, which had been high in the doctor's hands, falls, and the doctor looks grave enough. He beckons with his finger to some one, and asks whether this patient has friends; if so, let them be sent for. He has none; no not one. In his poor lodgings he was found a stranger. When we pass this bed again a tall, thick, canvas screen has been drawn round it, and inside by the bed is kneeling a good lady visitor saying an earnest prayer into the listening ear of the poor dying man. For worn and wasted as he is, the brain is clear, and the eye, fixed though it be, is full of intelligence as the poor fellow watches those who stand over him. Nor from him, my brother, is God's mercy less far off than if bands of princes stood around his bed. We must all face death alone; the end of the battle of life is with each of us a single combat. Pray Heaven that you and I bear it as bravely as did this poor stranger!

A young boy, a sailor boy, too, getting well, with a bright eye and a colour on his cheek, is in the next bed, and a stout fellow, groaning and sighing lustily, but not very ill, is in the next. Then an old man, silent, rigid, and stern, and one or two worn wrecks and waifs of humanity, who might be of any age, fill up the next few. Here are volunteer nurses chafing their cold and rigid patients who are seized with the cramp; here a boy is being wrapped in a blanket to be carried to a bath; and then we pass into another ward where poor sick women lie. In this ward the fresh beds seem filled with sick children, lying two in a bed, one poor little poll poking out at one end, and another at the other. There they lie, head and foot; not being long enough to disturb each other, and both poor little things being too ill to say anything, or do anything but sigh. In the next bed, however, one with wild, scared eyes sits up and looks quietly around; it has pulled through, and will soon be sent to kind Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home for Children. Another two have crawled out of the head-and-tail fashion, and are pretty and clean, sitting on a pillow with their hair neatly combed, with rose-coloured health in their cheeks and pleasure in their bright eyes, admiring an old weather-beaten doll, which has served, no doubt, many such inmates, and now black in its face from some incurable disease of which dolls die, broken-nosed, and with its arms and legs stretched out crucially, sprawls on its back, and looks up to the ceiling in speechless indignation. The doll might, you see, have moved in high life, and has come down to a hospital. Happy doll that finds at last that it can be of some service, can plead a *raison d'être*, and which has given more pleasure during its brief existence than one or two fine people whom we could name if we were ill-natured enough to do so.

Come away from the children. Further in the ward is a powerful young woman, such a one as would carry her basket of flowers from door to door, and trouble my sweet lady or my dainty gentleman by pleading that they should buy her roses and adorn their houses with them. Alas! she will never carry roses more, nor flowers, save those that bloom on paradisiac shores. The strong, almost masculine arms, are thrust over the coverlet, and are marked with the disease; the eyes are sunken, and the cheeks and tongue are as cold as ice. Flowers in a little pitcher stand at the bed-head, and a nurse chafes, but uselessly, those listless, blue, and once strong hands.

Two or three patients whom we next pass are doing well. One will be discharged to-night, and thanks God for it; one or two are still poorly, but very calm and grateful; and some of them, for they are but poor creatures, are spelling over cards upon which prayers are printed. But here again stands an awful screen, and a poor young fellow, stupid with grief, lies with his head bent down on the form of his dying wife, who will never speak to him nor cheer him more. Pass quietly by him with his great trial: what to him is the comfort we can give? how shall we translate our saddened thoughts so as to fill his head, emptied of joy or hope? Leave him to time, and prayer, and sweet memories of the dead, and hope renascent from his buried faith, and God's great love to comfort and console him.

But the sights in the hospital—and there are many to be seen through such windows that I may not tell you of—are not all sad like this. Faith, and Love, and Hope are to be found there, too, and such lessons as can be taught nowhere else; lessons of belief in human goodness, lessons which show you more of the inside, which should be the

best side, of a true man's heart, and a true woman's heart too, than are to be found in half the lesson-books elsewhere. And that's what Shakespeare meant when he sent one of his flaunting, thoughtless, witty, but not heartless, characters to

"Jest a twelvemonth in an hospital."

Truly, he who tries that lesson will only base his jests upon wisdom, nor will his merriment be like the sudden and causeless laughter of fools.

Sights there are though to relieve the heart. Is that, for instance, a most beautiful wax doll or a live baby-girl, who with a pretty condescension is permitting the kind nurse to brush her soft brown hair? Oh! it is alive!—see, there its glad mother comes, tears "happing," as they say in Scotland, down her pleasant cheeks, when she finds her baby well and ready to come with her. Why, what blessings and rejoicings will there be when father sees her! And here, too, bustling along, is the matron, an important lady in silks, who is ready to take away a dozen or so to the Convalescent Home, and who assumes an almost comical superiority, as ladies in authority—this is between ourselves—too often will do, to the good doctor who happens to have omitted to write the orders for their discharge. But he does so at once, and the happy brood are taken away to fresh air, and such toys, and delicacies, and scenes as they have never seen before.

May joy go with them always! But behind those glass windows, in the dead waste and middle of the night, the battle of life will go fiercely on over many a heap of red earth of old Adam's texture, and when morning dawns the ghastly king of terrors, Death, whose final victory a greater King than he has taken away, will rear aloft his lethal banner, and be master of the field.

"BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT."

HERE waits outside a golden door
A naked soul—disrobed, disrowned;
Athwart the glowing hinges pour
Long rays of light that wrap it round.

It saith: "I am so bare, so poor,
Hungry, and faint, in need of all:
O Christ! upon the crystal floor,—
O Christ! beyond the jasper wall!"

"For very want my spirit cries:
O Christ! beside the healing tree,
The bread that feeds, the gold that buys,
The hand that giveth, give to me."

"My garments all are soiled and mean:
O Christ! within th' embroidered veil,

The robe to wrap, the blood to clean,
Make all their spots of crimson pale.

"My heart is cold, and hard to move:
O Christ! that standest up to plead
At God's right hand thy perfect love,
Make it glow and burn indeed."

"So weak, the soul within me faints:
O Christ! the glorious walls within,
Whose strong foundations are the saints,
Give power to strive, give strength to win."

"I bring no gift, I claim no merit,
Only the hope that Thou hast given;
For blessed are the poor in spirit,
Since Thou hast said that 'theirs is heaven.'"

C. F. ALEXANDER.

SHALL WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER?

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A., VICAR OF STRADBROKE.

TPITY that man who never thinks about heaven. I use that word in the broadest and most popular sense. I mean by "heaven" the future dwelling-place of all true Christians, when the dead are raised, and the world has passed away. Cold and unfeeling must that heart be which never gives a thought to that dwelling-place! Dull and earthly must that mind be which never considers heaven!

We may die any day. "In the midst of life we are in death." We must all die sooner or later. The youngest, the fairest, the strongest, the cleverest, all must go down one day before the scythe of the King of Terrors. This world shall not go on for ever as it does now. Its affairs shall at last be wound up. The King of kings will come and take his great power, and reign. The judgment shall be set, the books opened, the dead raised, the living changed. And where do we all hope to go then? Why, if we know anything of true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we hope to go to heaven. Surely there is nothing unreasonable in asking men to consider the subject of heaven.

Now what will heaven be like? The question, no doubt, is a deep one, but there is nothing presumptuous in looking at it. The man who is about to sail for Australia or New Zealand as a settler, is naturally anxious to know something about his future home, its climate, its employments, its inhabitants, its ways, its customs. All these are subjects of deep interest to him. You are leaving the land of your nativity, you are going to spend the rest of your life in a new hemisphere. It would be strange indeed if you did not desire information about your new abode. Now, surely, if we hope to dwell for ever in that "better country, even a heavenly one," we ought to seek all the knowledge we can get about it. Before we go to our eternal home we should try to become acquainted with it.

There are many things about heaven revealed in Scripture which I purposely pass over. That it is a prepared place for a prepared people; that all who are found there will be of one mind and of one experience, chosen by the same Father, washed in the same blood of atonement, renewed by the same Spirit; that universal and perfect holiness, love, and knowledge will be the eternal law of the kingdom,—all these are ancient things, and I do not mean to dwell on them. Suffice it to say, that heaven is the eternal presence of everything that can make a saint happy, and the eternal absence of everything that can cause sorrow. Sickness, and pain, and disease, and death, and poverty, and labour, and money, and care, and

ignorance, and misunderstanding, and slander, and lying, and strife, and contention, and quarrels, and envies, and jealousies, and bad tempers, and infidelity, and scepticism, and irreligion, and superstition, and heresy, and schism and wars, and fightings, and bloodshed, and murders, and law suits—all, all these things shall have no place in heaven. On earth, in this present time, they may live and flourish. In heaven their very footprints shall not be known.

Hear what the inspired apostle St. John says: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Rev. xxi. 27). "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever" (Rev. xxii. 5.) "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 16, 17). "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (Rev. xxi. 4).

Hear what that glorious dreamer, John Bunyan, says, though writing with an uninspired pen: "I saw in my dream that these two men, Christian and Hopeful, went in at the gate. And lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of our Lord.' I also heard the men themselves sing with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.'

"Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

But I will not dwell on these things. I purposely pass by them all. I wish to confine myself in this paper to one single point of deep and momentous interest. That point is the mutual recognition of saints in the next world. I want to examine the question, "Shall we know one another in heaven?"

Now what saith the Scripture on this subject? This is the only thing I care to know. I grant freely that there are not many texts in the Bible which touch the subject at all. I admit fully that pious and learned divines are not of one mind with me about the matter in hand. I have listened to many ingenious reasonings and arguments against the view that I maintain. But in theology I dare not call any man master and father. My only aim and desire is to find out what the Bible says, and to take my stand upon its teaching.

Let us hear what David said when his child was dead. "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (2 Sam. xii. 23). What can these words mean, but that David hoped to see his child, and meet him again, in another world? This was evidently the hope that cheered him, and made him dry his tears. The separation would not be for ever.

Let us hear what St. Paul said to the Thessalonians. "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" (1 Thess. ii. 19.) These words must surely mean that the apostle expected to recognise his beloved Thessalonian converts in the day of Christ's second advent. He rejoiced in the thought, that he would see them face to face at the last day; would stand side by side with them before the throne, and would be able to say, "Here am I, and the seals which thou didst give to my ministry."

Let us hear what the same apostle says, in the same epistle, for the comfort of mourners. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him" (1 Thess. iv. 13, 14). There would be no point in these words of consolation if they did not imply the mutual recognition of saints. The hope with which he cheers wearied Christians is the hope of meeting their beloved friends again. He does not merely say, "Sorrow not, for they are at rest—they are happy—they are free from pain and trouble—they are better off than they would be here below." No! he goes a step further. He says, "God shall bring them with Christ, when he brings them back to the world. You are not parted for ever. You will meet again."

I commend these three passages to the reader's attentive consideration. To my eye, they all seem

to point to only one conclusion. They all imply the same great truth, that saints in heaven shall know one another. They shall have the same body and the same character that they had on earth—a body perfected and transformed like Christ's in his transfiguration, but still the same body,—a character perfected and purified from all sin, but still the same character. But in the moment that we who are saved shall meet our several friends in heaven, we shall at once know them, and they will at once know us.

There is something to my mind unspeakably glorious in this prospect: few things so strike me in looking forward to the good things yet to come. Heaven will be no strange place to us when we get there. We shall not be oppressed by the cold, shy, chilly feeling that we know nothing of our companions. We shall feel at home. We shall see all of whom we have read in Scripture, and know them all, and mark the peculiar graces of each one. We shall look upon Noah, and remember his witness for God in ungodly times. We shall look on Abraham, and remember his faith; on Isaac, and remember his meekness; on Moses, and remember his patience; on David, and remember all his troubles. We shall sit down with Peter, and James, and John, and Paul, and remember all their toil when they laid the foundations of the Church. Blessed and glorious will that knowledge and communion be! If it is pleasant to know one or two saints, and meet them occasionally now, what will it be to know them all, and to dwell with them for ever!

There is something unspeakably comforting, moreover, as well as glorious in this prospect. It lights up the valley of the shadow of death. It strips the sick bed and the grave of half their terrors. Our beloved friends who have fallen asleep in Christ are not lost, but only gone before. The children of the same God and partakers of the same grace can never be separated very long. They are sure to come together again when this world has passed away. Our pleasant communion with our kind Christian friends is only broken off for a small moment, and is soon to be eternally resumed. These eyes of ours shall once more look upon their faces, and these ears of ours shall once more hear them speak. Blessed and happy indeed will that meeting be!—better a thousand times than the parting! We parted in sorrow, and we shall meet in joy; we parted in stormy weather, and we shall meet in a calm harbour; we parted amidst pains and aches, and groans, and infirmities: we shall meet with glorious bodies, able to serve our Lord for ever without distraction. And, best of all, we shall meet never to be parted, never to shed one more tear, never to put on mourning, never to say good-bye and farewell again. Oh! it is a blessed

thought, that saints will know one another in heaven!

How much there will be to talk about! What wondrous wisdom will appear in everything that we had to go through in the days of our flesh! We shall remember all the way by which we were led, and say, "Wisdom and mercy followed me all the days of my life. In my sicknesses and pains, in my losses and crosses, in my poverty and tribulations; in my bereavements and separation, in every bitter cup I had to drink, in every burden I had to carry, in all these was perfect wisdom." We shall see it at last, if we never saw it before, and we shall all see it together, and all unite in praising Him that led us by the right way to a city of habitation. Surely, next to the thought of seeing Christ in heaven, there is no more blessed and happy thought than that of seeing one another.

Shall we get to heaven at all? This, after all, is the grand question which the subject should force on our attention, and which we should resolve, like men, to look in the face. What shall it profit you and me to hear theories about a future state, if we know not on which side we shall be found at the last day? Let us arouse our sleepy minds to a consideration of this momentous question. Heaven, we must always remember, is not a place where all sorts and kinds of persons will go as a matter of course. The inhabitants of heaven are not such a discordant, heterogeneous rabble as some men seem to suppose. Heaven, it cannot be too often remembered, is a prepared place for a prepared people. The dwellers in heaven will be all of one heart and one mind, one faith and one character. They will be ready for mutual recognition. But, are we ready for it? Are we in tune? Shall we ourselves get to heaven?

Why should we not get to heaven? Let us set that question also before us, and fairly look it in the face. There sits at the right hand of God One who is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him, and One who is as willing to save as he is able. The Lord Jesus Christ has died for us on the cross, and paid our mighty debt with his own blood. He is sitting at God's right hand, to be the Advocate and Friend of all who desire to be saved. He is waiting at this moment to be gracious. Surely, if we do not get to heaven the fault will be all our own. Let us arise and lay hold on the hand that is held out to us from heaven. Let us never forget that promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9). The prison doors are set wide open; let us go forth and be free. The lifeboat is alongside; let us embark in it and be safe. The bread

of life is before us; let us eat and live. The Physician stands before us; let us hear his voice, believe, and make sure our interest in heaven.

Have we a good hope of going to heaven, a hope that is Scriptural, reasonable, and will bear investigation? Then let us not be afraid to meditate often on the subject of heaven, and to rejoice in the prospect of good things to come. I know that even a believer's heart will sometimes fail when he thinks of the last enemy and the unseen world. Jordan is a cold river to cross at the very best, and not a few tremble when they think of their own crossing. But let us take comfort in the remembrance of the other side. Think, Christian reader, of seeing your Saviour, and beholding your King in his beauty. Faith will be at last swallowed up in sight and hope in certainty. Think of the many loved ones gone before you, and of the happy meeting between you and them. You are not going to a foreign country; you are going home. You are not going to dwell amongst strangers, but amongst friends. You will find them all safe, all well, all ready to greet you, all prepared to join in one unbroken song of praise. Then let us take comfort and persevere. With such prospects before us, we may well cry, "It is worth while to be a Christian!"

I conclude all with a passage from "Pilgrim's Progress," which well deserves reading. Said Pliable to Christian, "What company shall we have in heaven?"

Christian replied, "There we shall be with seraphim and cherubim, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look upon. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see holy virgins with their golden harps; there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love they bore to the Lord of the place; all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment."

Then, said Pliable, "The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers hereof?"

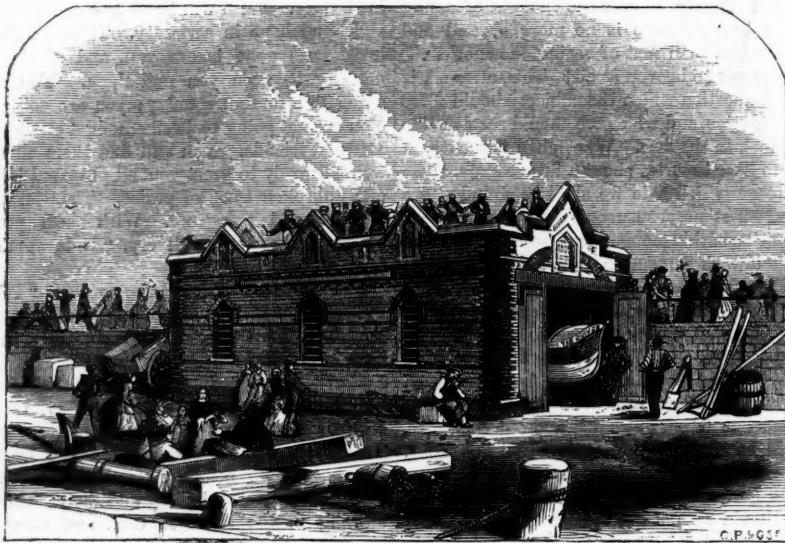
Then said Christian, "The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded *that* in this book; the substance of which is, if we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely."

Then said Pliable, "Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things. Come on, let us mend our pace."

"THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."

AT is now our very pleasing duty to thank our readers for the successful issue to which their generous assistance has brought our scheme for establishing "Quiver Lifeboats," and to render to them an account of our stewardship in the matter. It will be seen from the statement subjoined that we have been enabled to present to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution three boats and stations, respectively at Margate, Southwold, in Suffolk, and Queenstown, near Cork. The

launching, the boat was brought in procession through the town, and christened *The Quiver*, in the presence of over 20,000 persons. Captain Ward, R.N., then exercised the men in the use of the boat, and finally she was brought round to the pier-head, and having been turned completely over, keel uppermost, she righted herself, and was emptied of water in about twenty seconds, thus showing that the worst catastrophe which can happen to her crew is to get a good wetting. Mr. Aldrich, R.N., commander of the Coast Guard,

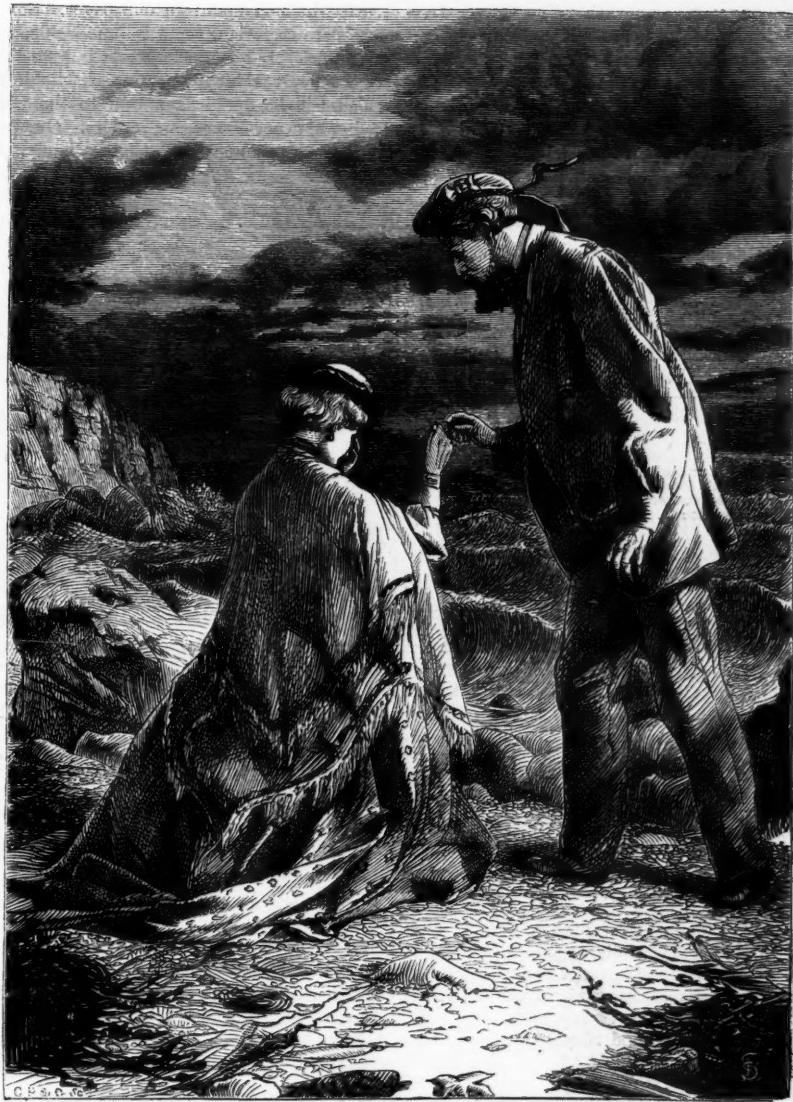


"THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT HOUSE, MARGATE.

station at Margate was inaugurated and the boat launched with much ceremony in August last, the Editor of *THE QUIVER* being present in person to present the station and boat to the Institution in the names of the subscribers.

The boat-house, of which we give an illustration, had to be erected in such a style as to make the roof a platform for the Margate band, which performs on the pier each evening. This being one of the stipulations on which the ground was granted, Mr. C. H. Cooke, the architect who generously supplies the Lifeboat Institution with plans for their houses, surmounted the difficulty by making a flat roof, and covering it with asphalt. Near the door of the house is a tablet, on which is recorded the fact that the subscribers to *THE QUIVER* erected the station and presented the boat. On the day of

who is always foremost to lead a crew to the rescue, expressed himself much pleased with the new boat, and her experimental performance. The boat which has been at Margate, and which is replaced by *The Quiver*, was so long and so shallow that she was almost useless. We are quite sure that during the coming winter on many a stormy night it will be a source of pure and true satisfaction to many of our friends to know that, at three places on our coasts, by the kind liberality of our readers, "*The Quiver Lifeboats*" are ready to go to the rescue of the shipwrecked and distressed. We are confident that there are no lifeboats on the coast for whose success and the safety of whose crews more fervent prayers will ascend, on stormy nights for many years to come, to Him who stilleth the waves, than those which bear the name of our Magazine. In memory of



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"A locket I had seen, filled with her own bright hair."—p. 10.

a dear friend, and the original founder of our periodical, "The Quiver Lifeboat" No. 2 will bear the name of the *John Cassell*.

The great success which has attended our exertions in connection with "The Quiver Lifeboats," leads us to hope that another scheme of benevolence, which we hope to propose in an early number, will be equally acceptable to our friends, and will be attended with similar results.

We have received many letters from our

readers, urging us to continue the plan which we have so successfully inaugurated, of associating some practical Christian work done by our readers with the teaching of that pure Gospel truth which is found in our pages. Some proposals are sectarian, some impracticable, some of not sufficiently general interest; but we think we have ourselves hit upon one charitable object which will be found to appeal to the Christian feeling of every one of our readers. Our proposal we hope to announce almost immediately.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—(TWENTY-SIXTH LIST.)

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Acknowledged in No. 44.—£1,923 5 4		The Misses Thomas, Charlotte Street.....	0 3 0	A Reader of THE QUIVER, C. D. Stafford	0 15 0
A. D. Ker, Edinburgh	0 2 6	H. Parsons, Birmingham.....	1 0 0	C. Baird, Dublin	0 9 0
H. Jackson, Bradford	0 16 0	J. Bell and Friends, Hull	0 9 0	Rosa, Florence, and Louise, Northampton.....	0 1 0
J. Brooks, Bollington	2 2 9	Dock Works	0 12 0	W. F., Dalston	0 6 0
J. Eyre, Peterborough	0 4 6	L. M. O. London	0 3 0	A Son of an old Salt, Deptford	0 1 1
Mrs. 34 Gloucester	0 6 0	J. Dickie, Fenchurch	0 3 0	Miss Sanders, Cliftonville	0 3 0
Miss Whiteley, Cannes	0 10 0	Little Lizzie, Bath	0 1 0	A. Taylor, Birmingham	2 0 0
Mrs. Bright, Burton House, Burton	1 11 0	W. J. Tollington Park, N.	0 12 0	G. W.,	0 3 0
C. A. M., Folkestone	0 1 0	J. Harris, Hulme	0 4 0	Miss A. M. Dean, 15, Charington	0 1 0
W. Waters, Newport, Monmouth	0 2 6	A Friend, Hessle	0 6 0	E. J. Tanner, Lacock	0 2 9
		P. F. and A., Windsor	0 2 6	From one who loves all Sailors	0 10 0
				A. E. Colton, Alpha Villa, Chelsea	0 1 0
					Total..... £1,933 5 4

"THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS" FUND.

Dr.	£ s. d.	1866.	Cr.
August 23. To Amount of Subscriptions received to date	1,883 5 4	1866.	£ s. d.
To Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's Donation	50 0 0	August 6. By Amounts paid National Lifeboat Institution for Lifeboats, Carriages, and Stations at Margate, Southwold, and Queenstown	1,800 0 0
		By Amount paid for Paper, Printing, and Distributing Collecting Lists, Postage of Letters, and amount paid for cashing £1,019 Postage Stamps	55 3 5
		23. By Balance to be paid over to National Lifeboat Institution	78 1 11
			£1,933 5 4

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

*T*HE stormy afternoon was past,
And in the dim grey sky,
Between great hoary clouds, the sun
Looked out with lurid eye:
And we, two strangers from the town, the sea-breeze
Yearning for,
Walked down between the fishers' cots, and went
toward the shore.

The beach was still enough, but yet
The tempest left its track,
And almost fearfully we passed
Torn nets and heaps of wrack:
There is a mystic mockery about the wind and
storm,
They make such rude and simple things so like a
human form!

My sister's face was strangely pale,
A thrill was in her tone,
Her brown eyes looked like those who watch
To have some mystery shown:
I only thought, "Hope wears the heart,—ay, even
more than Fear,
And Bessie waits for one she loves,—I would that he
were here!"

The lurid sun sank in the sea,
But left a glare behind;
And the slow tide those treasures left
Which loiterers love to find;
My sister turned aside to pick what seemed a glittering shell;
And from some church I could not see, there tolled a
solemn knell.

I turned and saw that Bessie knelt
Upon the crunching sand;
"O God, Thy help!" she said, and kissed
That something in her hand,
And then she held it out to me—a grievous sight to
bear—
A locket I had seen before, filled with her own bright
hair.

The waves had left it at her feet,
To bid her hope no more;
He whom she waited, watched for her
Upon a calmer shore:
And very soon she went to him: our youngest and
our best
Sleeps sweetly by the moaning sea, with its message
on her breast.
I. F.

DEEPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

CHAPTER I.

AN ABRUPT VISIT.



ND lastly, and above all, I must beware of the ladies!"

This astounding and illiberal sentiment proceeded by way of mental soliloquy from the Rev. Dionysius Curling, the newly-inducted vicar of the rural parish of Deepdale. So newly inducted, indeed, that not more than a week ago he had read himself in and also preached his first sermon at Deepdale.

In accordance with certain habits of his, he had before him a list of all the church-going people in his parish, and he had been scanning this document attentively, and had been startled at the alarming preponderance of ladies.

"Why, they are here by shoals!" cried Dionysius.

To glance at the man as he stood on the hearth-rug of the vicarage drawing-room, his hands clasped behind him in true bachelor fashion, no one would suppose that he was in danger from a sex which is not insensible to the charms of manly beauty.

He was young, to be sure—very young, in some respects—but he was not, therefore, handsome. His figure was insignificant; his complexion of that light colour which, on exposure to the sun, is apt to freckle; his eyes were small and restless; his lips thin, and his hair sandy.

So much for his physiological development.

And yet thought Dionysius Curling, continuing his soliloquy, as he stood on the hearth-rug, "A young man like me is sure to be run after by all these women. Let me see! Bless my life! The three Misses Flushing, the seven Misses Penrose, the nine Misses Garner, the four Misses Turner, besides the widows. Ah!" and he paused a moment, the paper still in his hand. Then resuming it with a sigh—

"Lady Landon, at the Manor—why on earth do they put her last?—Juliana Landon, Blanche Landon, Lucy Landon. Hump!"

Again he paused.

"Her daughters, I presume. Family from home on Sunday: back next week. Estates in Ireland. Exactly;" and he stood ruminating a few minutes, rubbing his chin softly with his hand. Then, as if rousing himself from some mental digression, he returned to the subject before him.

"I know what will happen: of course I do," still rubbing his chin, now complacently. "When a fellow gets a living, of course it's different. Yes, I remember Spratt. Poor Spratt! he had slippers! Bless the man! he might have walked on as many feet as a centipede—not that a centipede walks; I rather think it wriggles. *Cartes*, till he had not albums to hold them. Flowers and fruit, till he might have furnished a stall in Covent Garden. Ah!

it was wretched work. I wonder Spratt survived it; but he did, and got married.

"I don't mean to get married—not I. Let them do their worst!"

Somewhat excited and ruffled, he paced up and down the room. It was a dismal night. Deepdale was a retired village in the dead country, surrounded by muddy lanes, scarcely accessible, except in summer. The vicarage was a rambling old house, with low ceilings, and small gloomy windows. Many men, inducted into such a living, might have wished for the solace and companionship of a wife. Not so Dionysius Curling.

His sentiments on that head were perfectly monstrous.

"I know what wives are," he was known to have said; "when they are not gadding about the country, they are having the house turned upside down at home with scrubbing and cleaning. No, indeed! Old Martha Beck is worth twenty of them."

Martha Beck was his housekeeper.

He had just settled down to his evening's quantum of reading, his fire bright, his slippers on, and all things comfortable, and, as he thought, secure from interruption, when Martha Beck tapped at the door.

"Well," growled Dionysius from his chair.

"If you please, sir, there's a lady as wants to speak to you."

Dionysius bristled up on the defensive, and threw an angry glance in the direction of his housekeeper.

"It is too late, Martha. I see no one to-night."

"But, if you please, sir, she's so very pressing. She says—"

"Never mind what she says. It is not likely that a well-conducted clergyman should receive ladies at this hour. She must come in the morning."

"But, if you please, sir, she says—"

"Martha," thundered her master, getting exceedingly irate, "I will not admit this—this woman!"

Martha gave back a little; not so much from deference to her master, as that she was pressed upon by some object in the rear.

That object, a lady clad in the profoundest mourning, now glided by her, into the actual presence of Dionysius Curling.

Dionysius—a gentleman born and bred, in spite of his erratic principles—could not remain in his chair after this event had happened. He rose, reluctantly indeed, still he rose, and with a face of intense sourness stood regarding his visitor. She was young, and with a face that was pretty, in spite of its pallor, and the marks that care and sorrow had planted there. Evidently some great trouble was pressing upon her, for she was weeping bitterly; and, as she came forward, she said, holding out her hands imploringly, "Oh, sir, do have pity on me!" Then, as if overcome by fatigue and distress, she sank on the

little sofa which Dionysius had placed by the fire for his own especial solace.

Now Dionysius Curling was the last man on earth for anything like a scene. Romance and sentiment had in him neither part nor lot. The sight of a woman, young, fair, and in distress, might have roused the chivalry of some as by the touch of Ithuriel's spear. Not so Dionysius. The uppermost feeling in his mind was how to get rid of her. He could not thrust her forth rudely and unwarrantably. He was not the man for that, either.

A parish minister in our day is rarely, and let us be thankful for it, without the instincts of a gentleman! No; but he stood regarding her as an enemy who had stormed his fortress by sleight of hand.

As to addressing her, in his confusion and dismay, and newly plucked up from his Plato, he really knew not how.

But the lady saved him the trouble. Wiping her eyes—which were large and handsome, with long lashes—not that this circumstance mattered in the least to Dionysius—she said, in a sweet voice—

"Pray pardon me, sir! I have been labouring under a sad mistake. I did not know that my poor uncle was dead."

"Oh! indeed," said Dionysius, stiffly.

"My uncle was incumbent of this parish," continued she; "his name was Melrose. You must have heard of him."

Dionysius bowed. The Rev. Philip Melrose, of much-loved memory, and who had held the living fifty years, was his predecessor.

"I am his niece—his only niece," continued the lady; "my name is Clara Melrose. I kept his house until— Oh, sir! I have been very unfortunate!" exclaimed she, bursting into tears, and sobbing violently.

Dionysius, wholly unmoved, stared stolidly at her. All at once his face cleared up, as he espied, with great satisfaction, a wedding-ring plainly visible on the lady's finger. "Oh, so you have a husband, ma'am," said he, quite blandly and benignantly.

"No, sir; I am a widow."

Dionysius retreated as if he had been shot. Anger, annoyance, and even fear were visible in his countenance.

"A widow," he muttered; "a widow. Yes, I see—I see."

"My poor husband, who was a nephew of the late vicar, died about six months ago, leaving me quite destitute. In fact, I have spent my last shilling in coming here to-night."

Pleasant intelligence this for Dionysius Curling.

"I hoped to find a refuge with my poor uncle, but Providence has directed otherwise," sobbed forth the fugitive, getting quite hysterical; "and what am I to do? what am I to do?"

"Indeed, ma'am, that is just what puzzles me," replied Dionysius, curtly.

"If, sir, you have a wife—"

"Madam," said Dionysius, with dignity, "I have no such thing belonging to me. I am a bachelor."

The lady, alarmed at this portentous declaration, began to sob violently.

Dionysius, who had relapsed into utter and blank stolidity, stood looking at her.

Presently she said, her sobs growing more and more hysterical, "Could you advise me, sir, what to do?"

It was a difficult question to put to a man so devoid of resources as Dionysius Curling; but, as it happened, a bright idea occurred to him. He rubbed his hands, and advancing a step nearer, said, briskly, "Had you not better take lodgings in the village?"

"Alas, sir! there are no lodgings in Deepdale."

Dionysius rubbed his forehead, now wrinkled up into a hundred lines of care and perplexity. At length another bright idea occurred to him. His two churchwardens were married men, living in great rambling farmhouses, where there could be no scarcity of accommodation. It was evident that the lady should not, if possible, remain at the vicarage.

Surely, if not one, yet another of the churchwardens would take her in.

As the idea gained upon him, he looked round for his hat and stick. The lady was seized with a violent trembling, and to any but a totally inexperienced person would have appeared remarkably ill. But Dionysius was not blessed with perceptive faculties; besides, his mind was running eagerly on his own chance of deliverance.

Bidding her remain by the fire, and not waiting to hear her reply, he hurried out of the front door, and turned his steps towards the abode of his nearest churchwarden, Simon Crosskeys.

Now the reader will have divined ere this that Dionysius was an exceptional man. He was one of those who enter the ministry regarding it only as a profession, and not as a sacred calling, from which all petty prejudices and trivial caprice must be put aside. Thank God, Dionysius Curling's is an exceptional character. To this witness the persevering and wide-spread labours of our country pastors, and the unremitting and concentrated work of ministers in so many of our cities and towns.

CHAPTER II.

"PLAIN PEOPLE."

SIMON CROSSKEYS was, as he had confided to his friends and acquaintance, "none so pleased with the new parson."

In the sermon preached the preceding Sunday, Dionysius had used the word *aesthetics*, a term which Simon fancied had reference to the Pope.

When the young vicar, breathless with haste and excitement, stood at the door of the farmer, that astute individual was about to sit down to what he called his bread and cheese.

"Well, I'm sure! I never thought of seeing you, Mr. Curling, at this time of night. Howsoever come in, sir. Happen you'll take a bit along with us."

"Thank you," replied Dionysius, stiffly, and standing with his hat in his hand; "I have just dined."

"Humph!" said the farmer.

Dionysius had better have suppressed the fact of dinner.

"He's one of them as turns day into night and night into day," thought Simon Crosskeys, getting further dissatisfied.

Dionysius now came forward, and going up to the fire, blurted out with excessive want of tact, "I suppose, Mr. Crosskeys, you don't let lodgings?"

Crosskeys stared at him in blank amazement.

"You be a wonderful stranger in Deepdale, sir, to ask a question like that."

"I beg your pardon. I meant no offence," faltered poor Dionysius; "only I am in a dilemma."

"A what, sir?" asked Simon, quickly, and laying down his knife and fork.

"A dilemma—a difficulty—an embarrassment," said the young clergyman, hastily. "I want to find a home—a place, in fact, for—"

He paused, and the awkwardness of his position made him blush scarlet; added to which, Simon, his knife and fork laid down, was regarding him with severe scrutiny.

"Well, sir?" asked Simon, at length, as if his curiosity had been somewhat excited.

"I want," stammered the wretched Dionysius, "In fact, there is a young lady—I want to find rooms for a young lady," added he, in desperation.

"Oh, indeed," said Simon, with a smile of indescribable grimness: "a young lady—ah! humph! ah!"

Dionysius's face, from scarlet, became the deepest crimson. Nothing could exceed the misery of his position.

But recollecting what he supposed would set all things straight, he hastened to explain:—

"She is a niece of the late Vicar of Deepdale, and has come to my house by—"

He stopped. Simon Crosskeys had started from his chair with an exclamation of mingled surprise and horror.

"What! Clara Melrose! is that the—the woman's name?" said he, roughly.

"Well, yes; I believe it is," admitted the vicar, with some reluctance.

The farmer looked his superior full in the face. It must be confessed that the latter showed unmistakable signs of agitation and alarm, and he was alarmed beyond measure. However, he hastened to pick up the thread of his narrative.

"She came to my house by mistake, only half an hour ago. I never saw her before in my life," said he, hurriedly. "Pray, do you know anything of the lady?"

The farmer let his great clenched fist fall upon the table. Beyond this, he made no reply whatever.

"But pray do tell me!" cried the vicar, anxiously and fearfully. "This lady was married here, at Deepdale, according to her statement."

The farmer nodded assent.

"You are aware of that fact?" asked Dionysius, eagerly.

"Certainly, sir; certainly. Everybody knows that Clara Melrose married her cousin four years ago come next Michaelmas. We are not likely to forget that fact, Mr. Curling."

"Poor thing! She is a widow now," observed Dionysius.

"A widow!" echoed the farmer. "Serve her right—serve her right!" added he, with intense bitterness. "It couldn't be but that some judgment would fall upon her."

"Judgment, Mr. Crosskeys! pray inform me for what?" asked the vicar, hastily.

The farmer's stream of communication, never very deep, now froze up at once.

It was evident that he did not give Dionysius credit for the ignorance he professed.

"Pray inform me for what?" repeated the vicar, eagerly.

"Pardon me, sir; I don't think it necessary to reply to that question."

"Good gracious! why not?" exclaimed Dionysius.

Simon Crosskeys made no reply; except indeed by resuming his knife and fork, as a hint to the vicar to depart.

Dionysius stood a moment, utterly confounded. Some great and hideous evil, of which he had not so much as dreamed, lay hidden before him; some abyss into which the very next step might plunge him. He did not know which way to turn. He forgot that even in the little and apparently trivial difficulties of life the Great Master is ever ready to hear, and aid, and guide.

He had one other churchwarden—or rather the parish had—a man of the name of Lewin, a grazier and also a butcher. To him Dionysius resolved to go.

"I will sift the matter to the bottom," thought he, "or I will know the reason why."

Nathanael Lewin—such was his Christian name—lived at the end of a long lane; indeed, his house was the last in the straggling village of Deepdale.

As no pains were taken in these parts to improve the state of the roads, the lane was at seasons like the present in a state of mingled mud and water.

Clerical attire was not made for so rough a transit. By the time the new Vicar of Deepdale reached the abode of his parishioner, he was in a state better imagined than described.

He got there at last; and it was well he was no later, or the Lewin family would have been gone to bed.

"Well, look! if it aint the parson!" was the salutation from Mrs. Lewin, as she nearly dropped the candlestick in her surprise.

The farmer was halfway up-stairs to his dormitory; it was therefore by no means the most happy time the vicar could have chosen for a visit. But on hearing the sound of voices, Nathanael Lewin returned.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he. "You see, we're early folks at Deepdale; and we've been a pig-killing."

Dionysius bowed with the utmost politeness—indeed, he had a special object in being as polite as possible to Farmer Lewin.

"I'm sorry to intrude," said he, hastily; "but I called to ask you a question—a very simple question indeed," added he, beginning, however, to feel the old embarrassment coming on with all its force.

"Well, sir," replied the farmer, his candle still in his hand, "anything as I can do, sir, I shall be most happy. What is it you wanted to know, sir?"

"Do you know," said Dionysius, as well as he was able,—"are you acquainted with a lady of the name of Clara Melrose?"

"Clara Melrose!" cried the farmer, his face kindling into excitement.

"Yes," replied the vicar, now pale and red by turns; "that was her name, I believe."

"And pray, sir," cried the farmer, still excited, "may I return the question, and ask what you know about her?"

"Oh, nothing whatever; only, she is at my house, and—"

"At your house, sir!" shouted the farmer, getting more excited than ever—"at your house, did you say?"

"Well, yes—I believe so."

The farmer's face turned very red, and his eyes looked as if starting from their sockets; but he said nothing.

"I am aware there is some mystery about the lady," continued Dionysius, "and I called to beg that you would explain it."

"Sir," replied the farmer, waving his hand, as if to sign to the vicar to depart, "there aint no mystery at all to them as has their eyes open, and as read the papers. Don't tell me! We're plain people at Deepdale, but we have our wits about us. Good night to you, Mr. Curling."

The papers! Dionysius stood as if petrified.

Farmer Lewin had bolted his door, and was again half-way up to bed, ere he recovered sufficiently to move.

The papers! Why, was she a criminal?

And he, the immaculate, the irreproachable Dionysius Curling, would his name be dragged into the dirt? No; he could not tolerate such an idea for a single moment. He would hurry home through mud and mire, and get rid of her at once. At once! There and then!

He would give her money—he did not mind that in the least—and post her off to the nearest station in the little chaise. His man should drive her, and see her off. She was an incubus, pressing the very life out of him.

Again he started, and ploughed his way manfully down the lane till the welcome sight of the vicarage cheered his weary and perturbed spirit.

On the threshold of his home he fell in with Martha Beck.

"Oh, goodness me, sir! So you're come at last!"

"Yes, I am come," said the vicar, grimly; "and now, where is that lady?"

"Oh, sir, she's taken very bad indeed—as bad as ever I see any one in my life."

"She shall not be bad here, Martha. I'll have her started off in a trice. Where's James?"

"James, sir,—he's gone for the doctor."

"The doctor! who wants the doctor?"

"If you please, sir, the lady does."

"The lady?"

"Yes, sir. She's been took very ill indeed since you've been gone. I'm sure she's in a bad fever, sir. I've had to put her to bed, and it's my opinion—"

"Well," gasped Dionysius, breathless, and in great agitation—well?"

"Well, sir, it's my opinion that she won't be able to get up again for days and days!"

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS DISPERSED.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

Twas a calm evening, the flowers of June were breathing forth their sweetest odour, while the sun, as he approached the western hills, poured his slanting beams into the open window of a small white cottage in the north of England. The rose and woodbine, which climbed gracefully round the casement, were peeping in, as if to repeat their last good night to the inmates of the room. An old man, who was pillow'd up in bed, was watching the setting sun, as it descended behind the hills, while the few clouds which hovered round looked like chariots of fire; and, as he gazed, his face—though wearing the hue of death, for life's sun was just setting—was brightened by a light from heaven. Turning to a boy who sat beside him, he placed his hand upon his head

and blessed him, repeating the words which had just escaped the child's lips:—

"Alone in the world, dear Sidney! that cannot be. When I am gone, God will still be with you; for he has promised to be the Father of the fatherless, to be a present help in time of trouble."

"I know that God has promised to be my friend, but you are my only earthly friend, and when you are gone what shall I do?" replied the weeping boy.

"Trust in God, my dear child. He has raised you up for ends, and he still will bless you and guide you in the right path; but always remember that God helps those who help themselves. You might as well expect to reap the harvest without tilling the ground and sowing the seed, as to enjoy life's blessings without performing its duties."

He ceased speaking, closed his eyes, and was soon in a quiet slumber.

Sidney Orton was an orphan. He had lost his father when but an infant, and his mother soon following her husband to the grave, left their only son in the care of his grandfather; and well had he fulfilled the duties of parent. Although his means were scanty, Sidney had been sent early to a school which was about two miles from his grandfather's cottage. Being fond of study, he improved rapidly, and before he had reached the age of fourteen, was the cleverest boy in the school. When he returned home in the evening and had prepared his lessons for the coming day, he would assist his grandfather in the cultivation of the small plot of ground which joined the cottage, or milk the cow which grazed in the meadow. These were happy seasons to the thoughtful boy, and many were the lessons of wisdom he had learned. But the parent and teacher was just passing away; and as the boy stood beside the bed and listened to the short breathings, and gazed on the sleeping invalid, his heart felt heavy and desolate, and before he slept that night he prayed more earnestly than he had done before that God would guide him and give him faith, that he would enable him to trust Him where he could not trace Him.

Mr. Robinson, his Sunday-school teacher, had been daily to see him, and by his sympathy had soothed and comforted him. Mrs. Moore, their next neighbour, assisted him to nurse the invalid, performing for him many kind offices, which could not be expected from a boy of fifteen.

The sun shone brightly next morning when Sidney woke. He quickly arose, and as his grandfather was sleeping soundly he went quietly out, and walking along the garden path made his way toward the meadow to perform his morning task. When he returned he found Mrs. Moore standing beside the bed, but so changed was the face of the invalid, that Sidney lifted up his eyes to the kind nurse's face to ask the meaning of this change. He read there a confirmation of his worst fears; and kneeling beside the bed, and hiding his face in the bed-clothes, he listened to the laboured breathing, which became fainter and fainter, until all was silent, and the redeemed spirit had passed through the dark valley to that city where there is no death, but where the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne is its life and its glory.

Five days afterwards, Sidney, leaning on the arm of his beloved teacher, with a sad heart followed his grandfather's body to the grave. When the cottage was locked up that evening, and he was led to the small room which Mrs. Moore had prepared for him in her cottage, he felt sad indeed; but the words of his grandfather were fresh in his memory: "When I am gone, God will still be with you; but remember, if you would enjoy life's blessings, you must perform life's duties;" and he lay long awake, planning for the future, and praying that God would lead him right.

Early the next morning Mr. Robinson arose, and

leaving his pleasant villa, which was a mile from the town, and about the same distance from the village where Sidney lived, he took the path which led to Mrs. Moore's cottage, intending to see the boy in whom he took so much interest before going to his daily business; for he, too, had been forming plans for his future.

Thus musing, he reached the little village; but as he passed the small church, he turned to look at the new-made grave, and saw Sidney standing over it. Opening the gate, he made his way up the narrow path, and had nearly reached the grave, when Sidney, hearing approaching footsteps, turned round, and saw his teacher. Gratefully smiling through his tears, and thanking him for this early visit, Sidney was preparing to leave the churchyard, when Mr. Robinson, looking down upon the fresh earth, repeated the cheering words, "We sorrow not as those who have no hope: for blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, from henceforth they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

They then passed on in silence, Sidney pondering over the words he had just heard. They were not new to him; he had heard the same truths a hundred times before; but he saw now what he had never seen before. A new light shone into his soul over the tomb of his grandfather; a new life was kindled—a life which can never be destroyed.

The sun was rising high, reminding Mr. Robinson of the errand on which he had come. Reluctantly breaking the silence, he asked Sidney if he had made up his mind as to his future course. Sidney thanked him for his kind sympathy, and said he thought of asking Mr. Moore to sell the cow for him, and then paying the rent of the cottage and what other expenses had been incurred with the money he received from the sale of the cow and the small savings of his grandfather. After doing this, he added, he would seek a junior clerk's place in the town, whence he could return in the evening to Mrs. Moore's cottage; for she had kindly given up a small room to him, and wished him to make her house his home.

Well pleased with the plan, Mr. Robinson offered him a place under one of the clerks in the warehouse over which he presided. Sidney accepted his kind offer with many thanks, and promised to enter upon his new duties the following week, and Mr. Robinson took his leave.

Relieved of a double load, Sidney opened the gate leading to the cottage, and was welcomed by the bright face of little Mary, the only child of Mrs. Moore. All in the house were very glad to hear of Mr. Robinson's kind offer, and that 'day and the next was employed in removing from the cottage and garden to his new home all that Sidney most valued, while Mary tripped backwards and forwards before him, delighted that Sidney was to be an inmate of her home, for she had loved him as a dear brother from her infancy. And now as he listened to her joyous prattle, and watched her light figure

dance before him, she seemed like a bright sunbeam sent to disperse the shadows which had gathered round his heart.

The next Monday morning Sidney rang the bell of a spacious warehouse which stood before a large cotton-factory, and asked to see Mr. Robinson, and the boy who opened the door wishing him to follow, led the way to the office, where Mr. Robinson was seated. Smiling kindly on Sidney, he conducted him through a large stock-room to the warehouse, where several young men were employed; and taking him to one who was at a small desk, writing, Mr. Robinson placed him under his guidance.

The morning passed quickly away, and the hour for dinner came. Sidney was shown into a room at the side of the warehouse, which had been fitted up to serve as a dining-room for the work-people who lived at a great distance. Mrs. Moore had prepared and wrapped up his dinner for him, and now he sat down upon a form near the door, before a long table, to eat it. He felt lonely and sad as he looked upon the throng of strange faces, and listened to the coarse language which escaped the lips of some. Several boys, a little older than himself, sat near to him, and when the room was ringing with laughter at some rude jest, they watched his face to see what impression it made upon him; but when he did not join in their mirth, but looked grieved, they expressed their opinion that the new-comer was a "Methodist."

The hour passed away, and Sidney returned to the warehouse and finished his day's work. As he walked on toward the quiet village the cloud passed from his brow, the fresh air had never seemed so sweet as now, after breathing the close atmosphere of the warehouse.

As he turned into the lane he saw the light figure of Mary bounding over the smooth pathway, her light hair floating in the breeze, and her face bright with smiles. She had much to tell him, and many questions to ask; and many little difficulties in her lessons for him to explain; for Sidney loved the child more than any other earthly being, and never felt her questions troublesome. He had many useful and interesting books; some he received from the Sunday-school, and others had been given him by his grandfather. There was a large library, too, connected with the school, of which he availed himself. When he went to his employment the next day, he took one of these books in his pocket, to beguile the dinner-hour. When the time came and he took out his book, the eyes of many were turned upon him, and several became confirmed in their opinion that he was a "Methodist." One youth, more bold than the rest, approached him with a face of mock gravity, and, looking over his shoulder, tried to see the title of the book.

A loud laugh from his companions caused Sidney to look up; but the face of the young man had undergone a change, for the book which Sidney

held in his hand was beautifully illustrated, and his eye had fallen upon a picture which excited his admiration and raised his curiosity. Sidney, seeing his fixed gaze, offered him the book. The young man sat down beside him, and they were soon too much engaged to notice that several had come near to listen, for Sidney, at the request of his companion, was reading aloud; and when the time came for them to return to work, several requested him to bring his book next day.

He walked home with a lighter heart that evening. The hour which he thought the day before would be an hour of misery, promised to be not only a season of pleasure to himself, but of profit to others. He thought how often God worked by feeble instrumentality, and perhaps his influence might lead some to see their own sinfulness and a Saviour's love. He soon began to feel there was a change in the dining-room; several young men became members of the senior class in the Sunday-school. True Christian principles had been practically set forth, and the Gospel had been preached, although they knew it not, in the well-chosen books which Sidney had brought.

Five years passed away, and as he became more useful to his employers, his salary was raised. About this time, too, Sidney and Mary were married. Sidney became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and was much beloved by his scholars. Possessing talents of no common order, and feeling the importance of his work, his touching appeals reached their young hearts, and lived long in their memory.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. What prophet knew his queen through her disguise?
2. What peaceful town was taken by surprise?
3. Whose son was given David's promised wife?
4. What Roman's caution saved Paul's threatened life?
5. What town revolted in Jehoram's reign?
6. By what left-handed man was Eglon slain?
7. The town where Ehud safety found in flight.
8. The place where David conquered Syria's might.
9. Who in a pit his victims' bodies threw?
10. Who with the sword his aged father slew?
11. Who slew three hundred with his spear.
12. Who tried to hinder Nehemiah by fear?
13. Where for three years did Absalom abide?
14. Who Hezekiah for his king defied?
15. What cunning workman for God's service wrought?
16. What Syrian captain against David fought?
17. The valley where Delilah's fatal beauty lured mighty Samson from the path of duty.

All flesh is grass—this mournful truth
Each passing moment proves;
Our time is short, and happy he
Who best that time improves.

[We have been requested to acknowledge the receipt of 10s., "collected in odd halfpence by a Family of Children," in aid of the Asylum for Idiots, Earlewood.]